

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
 Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars in swathing clothes,
 This infant warriour, in his enterprises,
 Discomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
 The Archbishops Grace of *Yorke*, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,
 Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
 But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
 Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my neer'st and deereft enemy?
 That thou art like enough through vassall feare,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
 To fight against me vnder *Percy*'s pay,
 To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
 And God forgiue them, that so much haue swayde
 Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
 I will redeeme all this on *Percy*'s head;
 And in the closing of some glorious day
 Be bould to tell you that I am your sonne,
 When I will weare a garment all of blood,
 And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,
 Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, when ere it lights
 That this same child of honour and renowne,
 This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayed knight,
 And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meett,
 For every honor sitting on his helme,
 Would they were multitudes, and one my head
 My shame redoubled. For the time will come
 That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
 His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
 To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render euery glory vp,
 Yea, euen the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
 This in the name of God I promise here,
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall performe
 I do beseech your Maiestie may salue,
 The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
 And I will die an hundred thousands deaths,
 Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
 Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraine trust herein.
 How now good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buisines that I come to speake of.
 Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent ward,
 That *Douglas* and the *English* rebels met,
 The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Shrewsburie*:
 A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
 (If promises be kept on euery hand)
 As euer offered foule play in a state.

King. The Earle of *Westmerland* set fourth to day,
 With him my soone Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
 For this aduertisement is five dayes old,
 On wednesday next *Harry* thou shalt set forward:
 On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting
 Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you shall march
 Throug *Glocester-shire*, by which account
 Our buisines valued some twelue dayes hence
 Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meete.
 Our hands are full of buisines, let's away,
 Advantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action?
 doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about
 me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde
 apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that sodainely, while I am in
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